2d.

A

POEM,

Occasion'd by the

DEATH

OF HER

Late MAJESTY

OF

Ever Happy and Sacred Memory.

By a Private Hand.

LONDON,

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A

POEM,

Occaſion'd by the

Death of Her late Majeſty, &c.

REtir'd within my ſelf, thus long to mourn,
Deſpairing of my former Joy's return;
Confin'd to mournfull melancholly Thought,
Whoſe Cauſe, exceſs of Grief alone has wrought,
No Remedy to mitigate my Woe.
Beſides what Tears and deepeſt Sighs allow:
Faign I from Words wou'd ſeek for ſome Relief,
Deſiring thence no Cure, but Eaſe from Grief:
But oh! the Subject now becomes too great,
For Sighs and Tears to ſhow, or Words repeat.
This fatal Truth does *Albion* now confeſs,
And knows not how Her Sorrows to expreſs;
But for Heav'ns promiſe which prevents my Fears,
I ſhou'd expect a ſecond Flood by Tears.
Time, which has ever yet been found to be,
Againſt ſuch Ills a Sovereign Remedy,
Will uſeleſs now, and ineffectual prove,
And muſt our ſelves, if it our Grief remove:
For all till Death, muſt this great Loſs deplore,
When Time it ſelf with us can be no more.
For ever Sacred be Her Memory;
From ſwift-pac'd Time's deſtructive Power free,
'Till ſwallow'd with it in Eternity.
What Bleſſings did we promiſe to our Iſle?
What blooming Hopes did adverſe Fate beguile?

The faireſt Flow'r is cropt and ſnatcht from View,
That e're in Nature's well-ſtor'd Garden grew.
Since that the Word was Fleſh; ſure Heav'n ne're joyn'd
Such lovely Form, with ſo divine a Mind.
Thoſe ill Examples which in Courts abound,
(Where Vice in all alluring Shapes is found;)
Caus'd on Her well-fix'd Vertues no Reſtraint;
Like Mercy kind, and Pious as a Saint.
Ne're were in one ſo many Graces ſeen;
Meek, tho' ſo Great, and Humble, tho' a Queen.
Vice in a Torrent long o're-flow'd the Land,
Which She alone was able to withſtand:
Nor onely ſo, but ſtemm'd th' increaſing Flood,
And ſhow'd the Excellence of being Good.
This She durſt do, and do at ſuch a Time,
When Vice was hugg'd, and Vertue thought a Crime.
Vertue felt an Eclipſe till She appear'd;
And ſcarce more than the Name was known or heard.
What Vertues ſcatter'd through the Sex appear
In Her, a glorious Conſtellation were.
We now (ſince She from Care below's releas'd)
May truly ſay, That Miracles are ceas'd.
But ſay, Oh! Whither, whither is She fled?
Methinks I hear Grief whiſper, She is Dead.
Oh! never ſay She's dead, can ſuch Worth be
Like us, ſubjected to Mortality?
Say rather, On an Embaſſy She's gone,
(As none ſo fit) to the Cæleſtial Throne,
(As whilſt on Earth we were Her chiefeſt Care,
So now) to fix a firm Alliance there.

F I N I S.